

The Inquirer

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Morning: Our Past and our Rear-Guard.

Evening: The Coming Elijah.

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N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, December 28.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.; 7, Mr. E. CAPLETON.
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 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON; 7, Rev. H. E. B. SPEIGHT.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. BASIL MARTIN, M.A. Evening discourses during December:—"Religion in Robert Browning," Dec. 28, "Rabbi Ben Ezra."
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. A. J. HEALE; 7, Mr. STANLEY MOSSOP.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. A. PEARSON.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. Gow, B.A.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
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 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. JELLIE, B.A.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. JOHN TOYE.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11, Mr. STANLEY MOSSOP; 6.30, Mr. A. J. HEALE.
 Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. F. W. G. FOAT, Litt.D., M.A.
 South Norwood League House, 141, Portland-road, 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
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 (STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, B.A.
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 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. R. F. RATTRAY, M.A., Ph.D.
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 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.
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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE are glad to see that some members of Parliament are growing restive about our terrible expenditure on armaments. At the same time the economic argument for retrenchment is being pressed home in the lives of the mass of the population by the alarming rise in prices. We are rapidly approaching a point where we simply cannot afford to go on, for all the money spent on armaments is unproductive and simply increases the number of men who have to be kept by others. The appeals to international prudence, associated with the name of Mr. Norman Angell, are also making an impression on the public mind. But religious people must not relax their efforts, and imagine that the cause of peace may now be left safely in the hands of the economists and the politicians. The ultimate appeal is to spiritual motive and the ideals of the Gospel. We must be lovers of peace because it is right, and because we want to be disciples of Christ in more than name. It is only the passion of the soul for what is good which can win in circumstances of difficulty where the plainest common sense often falters and breaks down.

* * *

IN view of the revival of the education controversy and the prospect of fresh legislation, Canon Adderley has made a bold suggestion in regard to religious teaching in elementary schools. It was published in *Everyman* last week and is worthy of serious consideration. He takes for granted that for a long time to come the bulk of the nation will be educated under the Cowper-Temple restriction of no denominational teaching in Council schools. This being so, the true policy is to make

the best of it, and to turn the formalism of the present syllabus into a real opportunity for religious teaching.

“Let us,” he says, “entirely overhaul the religious instruction as given in the Council schools. Let the State take into its counsels, or, better still, depute the settlement of a common religious syllabus to, a body of leaders of spiritual thought. If the Bishops refuse to take part in this, so much the worse for them. Let this body not be confined to ordained ministers, but only to Christians, laymen and clergy, parish priests and Bible students. Such a set of persons ought to be able to agree upon certain fundamental truths with which it is desirable for children to be acquainted.”

* * *

“Cowper-Templeism,” Canon Adderley continues, “is only dry and stupid because we are afraid of each other. We are not trying to agree. On nearly all the vital points we do agree, and there is no reason why we should not tell our children so. Is the whole thing to be wrecked because on certain points we disagree? I see no reason why, with a foundation such as a revised and improved Cowper-Templeism might secure, we could not go on in our various churches and chapels to give that distinctive teaching which would cause the children to adhere to the denominations which we think desirable. But the great advantage that would ultimately accrue would be the gradual awakening of the whole nation to a new and fruitful view of the Bible.”

This, if we understand it aright, is a plea for the frank recognition of a common Christianity behind all our differences, as something intrinsically beautiful, good and inspiring. We are in cordial agreement. It is a position for which we have often pleaded. This common Christianity has long been recognised in the teaching given in many of our secondary schools with admirable results. If it did not exist we should

cease to be a Christian people, and in all our work for the public good, where we appeal to common standards of goodness and take for granted that we admire and love the same things, we should be talking to one another in an unknown tongue.

* * *

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY has returned to the question of the Blasphemy Laws and their latest victim in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*. These isolated prosecutions raise a certain amount of public comment at the time, and then they are forgotten, and no effective step is taken in the direction of reform. It is one of the subjects which nobody is anxious to handle, and there is a certain amount of timidity lest in pleading for justice for a man who uses unpleasant language about religion we should seem in any way to condone or palliate his irreverence. Professor Murray points out that since 1883 the Common Law of Blasphemy has been modified, and is now concerned with “coarseness” or “bad taste” or “speaking so as to excite ridicule” in religious controversy, though precisely the same conclusions are held to be legitimate when they are expressed in the calm language of scientific criticism. “How many divines and philosophers,” he asks, “can be trusted to conduct a controversy in a strictly scientific spirit, with no attempt to excite ridicule? As a matter of fact, the result of such a rule is that working men and imperfectly educated speakers are punished; highly educated sceptics can say or write what they like.”

* * *

It is held by many people that Mr. T. W. Stewart, who is now serving a second term of imprisonment under the Blasphemy Laws, has been rightly convicted for using obscene language. But that is not the case. That was not the issue on which he was tried, and from what Professor Murray says it is doubtful whether a conviction

could have been obtained on that count. "Through the kindness of Lord Coleridge," he writes, "I have been allowed to see the shorthand report of the two lectures on which Stewart was condemned, and though I do not for a moment agree with their opinions or admire their style, they certainly afford no foundation for any charge of foul language or obscenity." It comes to this, then, that aggravated vulgarity of speech in religious controversy may be punished by a severe sentence of imprisonment. We believe that it is unjust that it should be so; and that it is not only contrary to the principles of free speech, for which religious minorities have made such a valiant struggle, but is also deeply injurious to the cause of religion itself. We wish that religious people were not so timid and shame-faced in taking the matter up as a question of principle. It is for them to do it and to create a public opinion on the subject, rather than for the small organised body of secularists, who may be suspected, though in most cases very unjustly, of some sympathy with the incriminated language.

* * *

JUST as we go to press we learn that a petition, which has secured a large and representative list of names, has been presented to the Home Secretary in connection with the blasphemy case. It asks for remission of the remainder of the sentence upon Stewart, and urges "that all punishment which savours of religious persecution should be avoided." Among the signatories are the following: Canon Cheyne, Dr. James Drummond, Dr. Clifford, Professor Gilbert Murray, Principal Carpenter, Dr. Jacks, the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. G. H. Trevelyan, Mr. H. G. Chancellor, M.P., Mr. T. E. Harvey, M.P., Professor L. T. Hobhouse, Professor Muirhead, Dr. J. Rendel Harris, Mr. Leonard Huxley, Mr. H. W. Nevins, Mr. G. W. Foote and Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner—a list inclusive of a great variety of religious and political opinion. The Bishop of Lincoln did not sign the petition, but he desires it to be known that he is in sympathy with its aim, and that he objects to all prosecutions for blasphemy as savouring of religious persecution.

* * *

THE extraordinary conventionality of some people's idea of reverence is illustrated by a comment which appeared in the *Guardian* last week. In a note expressing modified approval of Mr. Edwyn Bevan's recent article in the *Constructive Quarterly* on "The Invocation of Saints," the following words occur: "Though he pushes the *Kenosis* theory to its extreme limits in dealing with our Lord, he uses the capital letter to His pronoun, a mark of respect denied by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald in writing of 'Religion and the Labour Movement.' Perhaps it is this attitude

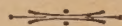
of irreverence to sacred things that has had something to do with producing the alienation which Mr. Macdonald deplores." Does the *Guardian* really wish to accuse the Prayer Book and the English Bible of irreverence, because they do not use capital letters for pronouns? Is it not also aware that there are people of a most sensitive reverence who prefer this good old custom to the modern worship of the letter? Perhaps some of our readers can supply us with information of the date when the use of capitals became customary. In any case writers who prefer the older usage do so on good authority, and are not to be accused lightly of irreverence.

* * *

THE recent protests about cruelty to performing animals have been re-enforced by a letter by Mr. Thomas Hardy in *The Times*. The organisers of these animal entertainments have found it necessary to do something to set themselves right with the public. The aid of the R.S.P.C.A.

has been invoked, and it has been arranged that a special licence shall be issued as a guarantee to the management and the public that no cruelty is used in the training and management of performing animals. This is good so far as it goes, and will put some check upon the worst forms of cruelty. The manager of the gigantic show at Olympia, which is to be the sensation of the Christmas season, has made it widely known that special inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. will be in attendance, and that no restriction will be placed upon their visits of inspection. But how is any inspector to vouch for the fact that nothing but kindness has been used in the long process of training these animals to be unnatural? Moreover, the show itself appeals to perverted instincts in the spectator. The performing bear is a sorry sight even in the most splendid surroundings, and chimpanzees who wear clothes and smoke appeal not to our love of animals but to a barbarous taste for the grotesque.

THE CLIMBERS.



THERE are some peaks that never have been scaled,
And there are passes
Fragrant with those that so divinely failed;
That in disaster deep yet more prevailed,
Though on their unknown tombs wave desert grasses.
But still to broken ranks
Step forth fresh climbers, and fill up the blanks.
The vision calls them up, and they must go
In love with dangers,
The snooded heights of mist, untrodden snow;
Peril is pleasure, and lures them from below,
And death and travail never long were strangers.
The onward challenge rings,
They stand foreclaimed, they know that they are kings.
What of the struggle, what of choice or chance,
When they are elected
By all the bonds of birthright and romance?
They only enter on their inheritance,
And by the very passion are protected.
In atmospheres of doom
Or risk, the flower of faith alone can bloom.
O they must choose the beautiful, the best;
The desolate ranges,
Forbidding sloth, that offer but the Quest;
The flints and thorns that pierce their straining breast;
They know God's Bosom—in Love that never changes.
Onward and up they rise,
Christ with them steps, and pain is Paradise.
Who would not be a Pilgrim, and with those
Be climbing ever
Above earth's trifles to the endless close?
They seek the greatest thing, the Mystic Rose,
Glimpsed but by crosses and each high endeavour.
He who descries the Dream
Can live no more by lesser star or stream.
Ah, we who love the fairest, not by sight
But secret knowledge—
We must pursue the awful depth and height;
Led by a broader and a better Light
Than burns in blessed court or reverend college.
One with us always mounts,
Who gives to drink of the eternal founts.

F. W. ORDE WARD.

THE REALISATION OF LIFE.

THERE are times when the life of Nature appears to us an endless struggle of opposing forces, and the life of humanity an equally endless struggle of conflicting purposes. There are times when, by stress of thought, we rise above the confusing strife and discern a unity of the whole amid the conflict of its parts. And there are yet other times when, through feeling, we realise that unity, and know that the world is one in the truth of its Law and the kinship of its Life. We may contend for ever as to the relative value of these differing moods of experience; but to all who think and feel, as well as behold and take part in the unending struggle, each of these attitudes of mind has its significance, and its claim to be reckoned with. Yet for those (if there be such) to whom the world of living beings is nought but a conflict of alien or competitive instincts, with self-preservation as the primal impulse, life can have no abiding worth or sufficing interest. And those who, by the aid of the logical reason, discover, beneath or within the diverse conflicting forces, a unity of purpose or law which makes them one, may surely find "the good of the intellect," the serenity of philosophic calm. But those who, by insight and sympathy, feel the kinship of life in all its forms, and hear beyond all discords the harmonies of the living universe—these have the fruition of its eternal joy, the solace of its illimitable peace.

The Indian seer and poet, Rabindranath Tagore, whose "Gitanjali, or Song Offerings," came to us as a glad surprise in the earlier part of the year, in giving us now a volume of prose "papers," as he modestly calls them, reveals under the form of more philosophic expression the workings of a mind wherein the consciousness of unity and harmony is as the breath of life itself. He tells us in the preface that "the subject-matter of the papers has not been philosophically treated"; and it is true that, while striving to state in words the deeper realities of experience, and even when dealing with such questions as the "problem of evil," metaphysical speculation finds but small occasion in these pages. Nor is it needed. Here, as in the poems, the voice is the voice of the seer, the appeal is to the heart's intelligence, to the soul's intuition. As a life-long student of the great spiritual scriptures of the East—the Upanishads and the Buddhist writings—and also a not unsympathetic observer of Western habits and ideals of life, Rabindranath Tagore gives now to English readers the fruitage of his own vital experience, the truth as discerned through insight and feeling, and knowledge of the actual world. The careful reader will discover in this book evidence of strenuous thought, of sincere effort to grapple with the difficulties which life presents to reason, demanding an intellectual solution. But his theme is so charged with emotion, the results of thought are so merged, or fused, in the glow of intense realisation, that we

may easily miss them, as the writer lifts us away into the light and wonder and joy of his own vision.

There is, in truth, no lack either of critical or of constructive thinking here. The relative merits and demerits both of Eastern and Western ideals of life are exposed with the impartiality of a just and disillusioned mind. Our tendency, in the West, to regard life as a continuous fight with nature, a struggle to subdue or enslave her, lest she slay us, is contrasted with that passionate desire of the Indian mind to realise its unity with nature, its fellowship with the spirit that dwells in all creatures, and pervades the universe of being. The energy of purpose by which the intellect and industry of the West has achieved such great things in science and invention, and the mastery of material forces, receives its due meed of praise. And the mistake of many Indian sages in laying too exclusive stress on the life of contemplation, as if in scorn of the life of action and of service with and for others, is exposed and condemned. Freedom in action, not freedom from action, should have been their ideal. But these things are by the way. The great appeal is to insight, to love, to the soul which is so much more than the individual self, with its personal cravings and private whims, the soul which is one with the Soul of the World, and by which we may enter into the joy of creation which claims us for its own. The great chapters on "Realisation in Love," "Realisation in Action," "The Realisation of Beauty," "The Realisation of the Infinite," offer us a conception of life of such absorbing interest and power, that, whether we can receive their message in its fulness or not, whether the writer's appeal rings wholly true for us or not, we must needs acknowledge that here is the voice of a new religious prophet, the word of vital and impassioned experience, the song of a mystic whose eyes are open on the real world, whose heart has thrilled to the harmonies of secret, eternal things. "Through our sense of truth we realise law in creation, and through our sense of beauty we realise harmony in the universe. When we recognise the law in nature we extend our mastery over physical forces and become powerful; when we recognise the law in our moral nature we attain mastery over self and become free. In like manner the more we comprehend the harmony in the physical world the more our life shares the gladness of creation, and our expression of beauty in art becomes more truly catholic. As we become conscious of the harmony in our soul, our apprehension of the blissfulness of the spirit of the world becomes universal, and the expression of beauty in our life moves in goodness and love towards the infinite. What does it matter if we fail to derive the exact meaning of this great harmony? Is it not like the hand meeting the string and drawing out at once all its tones at the touch? Is it not the language of beauty, the caress, that comes from the heart of the world and straightway reaches our heart?"

It is curiously interesting to watch this seer and poet playing (quite seriously) with the old yet ever new problems of philosophy—the one and the many, the finite and the infinite, the permanent and the transient, freedom and necessity.

With what serenity and softness of phrase, in language at times almost childlike in its simplicity, he deals, e.g., with the problem of the will. In the soul of man "will seeks its manifestation in will, and freedom turns to win its final prize in the freedom of surrender. Therefore, it is the self of man which the great king has not shadowed with his throne—he has left it free. . . . It is the man's self from which God has withdrawn his commands, for there he comes to court our love. His armed force, the laws of nature, stand outside the gate, and only beauty, the messenger of His love, finds admission within its precincts. It is only in this region of Will that anarchy is permitted; only in man's self that the discord of untruth and unrighteousness holds its reign." Yet this will is there only to learn in the last resort, as the perspective of life changes, how to supplant the narrow personal desires by surrender to the eternal laws. "Our self-will has freedom up to a certain extent; it can know what it is to break away from the path, but it cannot continue in that direction indefinitely. . . . Our will has freedom in order that it may find out that its true course is towards goodness and love."

So with the relation of finite and infinite, of the self that only becomes and Brahma that eternally is. On the same page we meet with opposing sentences, such as, "All we can ever aspire to is to become more and more one with God." "Our existence is meaningless if we can never expect to realise the highest perfection there is. If we have an aim and yet can never reach it, then it is no aim at all." "Yes, we must become Brahma." And then, softly harmonising the apparent contradiction, comes the fuller statement: "There is the eternal play of love in the relation between this being and becoming; and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation."

One or two unhappy phrases may be pointed out, in hope of change in later editions. "Man is abroad to satisfy needs which are more to him than food and clothing. He is out to find himself" (p. 33). Surely the slang expression, "out to" achieve this or that, should be left to the platform or street corner orator; in such noble literature as this it is sadly out of place. "Pleasure and pain appear in a different meaning" (p. 57) is not English; and "to realise one's life in the infinitive" (ib.) suggests the comic spirit at play with the printer's type!

But let us turn from these small complainings and end this all inadequate appreciation of a great spiritual gift, with the music of the seer's words sounding in our ears: "Last night, in the silence which pervaded the darkness, I stood alone and heard the voice of the singer of eternal melodies. When I went to sleep I closed my eyes with this last thought in my mind, that even when I remain unconscious in slumber, the dance of life will still go on in the hushed arena of my sleeping body, keeping step with the stars. The heart will throb, the blood will leap in the veins, and the millions of living atoms of my body will vibrate in time with the note of the harp string that thrills at the touch of the Master."

W. J. J.

THE MANGER AND THE KINGS.

BY EDWARD LEWIS.

PASSING a Roman Catholic publishing house a day or two ago, I saw in the window a group of waxen figures, the Child lying on the straw, Mary the Mother near at hand, and the Three Kings kneeling with their far-brought gifts. I stopped to look at it. My attention focussed naturally upon the Child lying naked there upon the wisps of straw. It suddenly struck me that the Straw might be as important a symbolism as any, and by one of those strange workings of the mind, too swift to be traced in detail, I found that the figures in the window were quite obliterated by a mental image, and I was no longer looking at the Babe in the Manger, but at Rodin's "La Pensée," with that lovely girl's head resting with the lightness of a bubble upon the great rock-mass beneath it.

The Child is the budding spiritual life at the core of human personality; it rises from, and rests directly on, the straw, which is the "Earth." The Earth is the formless out of which all the procession of manifested forms arises; it is that not-being which does not denote an absence of being, but rather the invisible sources of all being; it is the "nothing" which is not void or emptiness, but rather the undifferentiated fulness, the infinite potentiality which is the basis of everything.

The Earth, as a physical thing, must be a great storehouse of radio-active, magnetic force. Civilisation tends to cut us off from the earth-mother. Tender-skinned, delicately constitutioned, nervous, highly strung, liable to disease—in short, civilised—we protect ourselves from the Earth by insulators of leather, or concrete. Between the cultured Roman citizen and the barbarian, all the advantage is with the latter, not simply in respect of muscle, but of moral vigour and spirituality also; as is sufficiently proved by the fact that it was the inoculation of Roman culture with barbarian blood which made modern Europe possible. The modern discovery that an open-air treatment is the best remedy for one of the great scourges of civilised life, is not only a fact, it is also a parable. With the Earth are the primal sanities. If philosophers were more earth-men and less school-men, they would get nearer to the truth. All great deeds, says Whitman, have been conceived in the open air. All great thoughts have been conceived near the earth. All great religions have been conceived either in desert or wilderness or jungle; never in churches. Indeed, in some sort, churches may be said to represent the impossibility, rather than the possibility, of religion. Interpret "back to the land" in a moral and spiritual sense, and you will be near to the secret. If one desires spiritual life, one must get nearer to the "earth," the primal purities, sanities, sanctities. There

must be a gathering in, a gathering back, a return to naturalness and simplicity. We must take the risk of the world scorn, and get a certain childlikeness into our thoughts, a certain innocence in our desires, something almost barbaric in our emotions. We must live with the earth. We must smell of the soil. We must companionate with elemental things: with fire, which is enthusiasm; with air, which is frankness; with water, which is purity; with light, which is passion; with nature, which is innocence; with Earth, which is God, not as He is for theology, but as He is felt in experience as an under-bearing arm, an inspiring breath, a mother-breast giving food and drink to the soul.

Gifts may be brought to the Spiritual Child when it is born, but itself is born out of the Earth.

Who are these Three Kings? They are Thought, Feeling, Will. And they offer Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh. We nourish the Spiritual Child with thoughts pure and refined as gold. Thought roams through the highways and the byways of the world, and winged with imagination it traverses other worlds, that it may bring back Gold (which is Grain also) to the Child. If we are careful for our spiritual life, we shall chase ugly thoughts away as soon as they appear, and evil thoughts will not be able to find lodgment, even if they manage to secure entry into the mind. Happy is the man whose thoughts, when he is alone with the Child, come homing back to him like white doves.

Feeling brings frankincense. One associates a colour, like gold, with thought; but an odour with feeling. It is like the fragrant breath of the life. It is the sweet-smelling of the pure warm body. Feeling suffuses through all the chambers of the life like a perfume. Thoughts become fragrant when they are tinged with tender feeling. Pure emotions are like spices blown from the soul's garden. When the hearts of some people are stirred, it is as when you disturb a bowl of rose-leaves with your hand. To be patient without bitterness; to be gentle in speech—it is said of Florence Nightingale that she was never known to raise her voice in speaking, even in the most trying situation; to dislike without contempt; to desire without envy; to be strong without overbearing; to be courageous without boasting; to be angry without sin; to worship with reverence; to be passionate in loyalty; to love with a great tenderness; this is the practice of the emotional life which will be as an offering of frankincense to the Child.

Will brings myrrh. There is a tang in that, a strong taste. The Will works in hard fields. It moves through pain and suffering. To be steadfast and immovable in holy purpose; to contend to the uttermost for the life's set prize; to do all with mind and heart and strength, especially strength; not to be shaken in the wind; not to be drawn aside by enticements; not to be beaten from one's hold by fears, or by the judgments of the world; to keep the line, steer the course, fight the fight, follow the gleam; to stand foursquare; to go "breast and back as either should be"; this does not mean an easy life, but it means a

pure life, and it will be as an offering of myrrh to the Child.

Oh, this beautiful hope nascent in the heart; to be spiritual men and women! Is it not more than to be clever, skilful, learned, reputed men and women? To be men and women of God, is not that an almost irresistible ambition? To be full of the kingdom, the power, and the glory! Oh, the face radiating the vision, how beautiful! Oh, the voice uttering the creative word, how mighty! Oh, the hands shaping the world-order after the pattern seen in the Mount, how more than skilful, how inspired! Oh, the body exhaling spiritual breath!

I look into your heart, who read this, as I looked into that window, and I salute the Child in words which have no private and peculiar application, but are pertinent wherever spiritual life quickens in the heart of man:

"And Thou, Child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest; for Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready His ways; to give knowledge of salvation unto His people; to shine upon them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace."

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE ON SHAKESPEARE.

THIS new volume of lectures by Mr. Brooke on ten more plays of Shakespeare is full, as might be expected, of fine criticism and inspiring thought. Mr. Brooke does not use Shakespeare as a text from which to preach a religion or theory of his own. The effect of reading these lectures is to send us back to Shakespeare with a deeper appreciation and an increased enthusiasm.

We admire Mr. Brooke's interpretations, but we never forget in our admiration of the writer the greatness of the man about whom he writes. The danger of first-rate criticism is that the critic may overshadow the author criticised. He may substitute himself for his subject. He may lead us to imagine that when we have read a good book about a writer we need not trouble to read the writer himself. There are some philosophers who write so forcibly and convincingly about life that they almost persuade us it is not necessary to live. There are some critics who write so well about books that they almost persuade us it is not necessary to read the books about which they write. Those men are responsible for the second-hand opinions about life and literature and thought which are so common and so futile.

A great philosopher or critic always directs us to the sources of his own inspiration, and stirs up in us a new delight and zeal for the subject about which he writes. This is the effect of Mr. Brooke's lectures on Shakespeare. We read what he says about Shakespeare's art and

Ten More Plays of Shakespeare. By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Constable & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Shakespeare's characters with delight, and then we want to turn back to Shakespeare himself under the influence of Mr. Brooke's contagious enthusiasm.

Mr. Brooke views Shakespeare not merely as literature, but as written for the stage. He protests against the excess of the spectacular in modern reproductions. "When dances and elaborate pageantry and fanciful additions are crowded into it, the spectacle devours the drama; the soul of Shakespeare seems to fly out of the words, the inter-play of the characters tends to be swamped, their thought and passion to be overlaid." Commenting on the stage custom to make Verges very old and Dogberry a middle-aged man, he says, "Were I to stage the play, I would make them of the same age. One would feel then (more strongly than one does when Verges is made a doddering old man) the difference between the two men, and yet the sameness of their type. Dogberry's masterfulness would then be more prominent, and so would his conceit and ignorance. The contrast would then be not of age and middle-age, but of character and character."

We wish it were possible to have a play of Shakespeare's staged under the advice of such a man as Mr. Brooke. Our actor managers have for the most part what they think the requirements of the public in their mind. They are not concerned mainly with interpreting Shakespeare, but with pleasing the people. The result is frequently that they do neither. In the eighteenth century they tried to make Shakespeare popular by altering his plots; in our days they try to make him popular by introducing songs and dances and other extraneous material. It is like painting the rose, or adding an artificial odour to the violet.

Shakespeare's beauty, like the colour of Olivia's cheeks, is

"in grain: 'twill endure wind and weather.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

The attempt to improve Shakespeare is "flat blasphemy." Our actor-managers need more humility and more reverence in approaching him.

Mr. Brooke's remarks about many of Shakespeare's characters are most pregnant and illuminating. He says of Viola, "No one can be more practical, an element in character which is more often than foolish persons think, the active comrade of the pure imagination." He says of Maria's clever description of Malvolio, "when her hearty dislike of the man pierces to the falsehood in him: 'Hate has good eyes for bad things.'" He says of Cassius, who began as an honest conspirator believing in the corruptibility of other men, "He is now himself corrupt. It is a natural development. He who believes in any evil being universal in men ends by himself practising that evil." Speaking of the growing affection between Benedict and Beatrice, he says, "To have a sore place healed by the person who made it sore is a great incentive to affection."

Referring to the Duke in "Twelfth

Night" calling for the song "Come away, come away, death," he says: "The Duke's liking for this black-edged kind of thing is also quite in character. It belongs to sentimental youth when thwarted in love, to exaggerate the fanciful sorrow and imagine itself in the arms of death: to put all Nature into mourning and in dainty grief to linger round the grave it has in melancholy imagination dug for itself. But all the time he knows that there is not the remotest chance that his youth will ever occupy it."

Mr. Brooke deals also in this volume with the great tragedies, and he has much to say, especially in his lecture on "Hamlet," which helps us to a deeper appreciation and understanding. We are not sure, however, that we agree with him as to the mood or mind of Shakespeare when these tragedies were written. He says: "His belief in a divine justice is shaken in 'Hamlet,' is almost mocked at in 'Measure for Measure,' is really absent in 'Macbeth,' is replaced by a belief in chance as at the root of the Universe in 'Othello,' and in 'Lear' it is altogether gone. He has a deep and personal sympathy with the sorrows he records, but it is a sympathy which sees but little light beyond, and which, at least in 'Othello' and 'Lear,' walks in darkness and weeps as it walks. He chose these grim, awful, piteous, and fierce subjects because his mood towards humanity was grim with pain; because the questioning of mortal doubt and trouble which he did represent in 'Hamlet' had left him without an answer to give to the problems of misery and evil. His early sense—

There's a Divinity which shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will,

which lingered still on the lips of Hamlet, had vanished away in 'Lear' and 'Othello.' Lear makes a vain old man's mistake, and pays for it by torture and madness. Cordelia perishes by a villain's love of cruelty; Desdemona dies of her frank innocence; Othello of his love and of his foolishness, the blind victim of a miscreant. And there is no explanation, no reason why such things happen in the world; nor is there any use, any far-off interest in these tears. That, I believe, was now the temper of Shakespeare." On first reading this we felt a hesitating and reluctant disagreement. It suggests that the great tragedies were written by a pure pessimist, by a man who was in utter despair about the justice of the world, and to whom it seemed that all things were ruled by blind chance. It seems impossible to believe that out of such a mood there could come what are generally recognised to be the greatest creations in Art and Literature.

And there is the further difficulty, that the effect of these tragedies—terrible as they are—is not to make us miserable. We do not rise up from seeing them upon the stage, or reading them, and curse God and the Universe. The total effect of "Lear," which is the most overwhelmingly tragic of all, is not to depress us with the feeling:—

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods:

They kill us for their sport.

In some curious, inexplicable way our courage and our faith are strengthened. Shakespeare takes us down into hell, but he does not leave us there, and we do not believe he was in that hell of pessimism when he wrote "King Lear." No doubt he had been down into hell, like all deep feeling and thinking men and women. He had found Cordelia there, and she had made him realise that hell and confusion and misery were not the ultimate facts of life. Love, for him as for Mr. Brooke, redeemed hell, and revealed heaven as supreme.

In Mr. Brooke's earlier volume of "Ten Lectures upon Shakespeare," when he is writing of "Romeo and Juliet," he says just what we have been trying to express: "A strange impression, like a spirit proceeding out of the whole of his tragic work, a sub-conscious efflux from it, leads us to feel, through the pity with which he encompasses the victims of sorrow, and through the nobleness with which he clothes them, that they were not the mere sport of an ironical power, but rose above it into a higher world where such a power could not follow them."

"Instead of mourning over their fate, we are content; as we are content when Cordelia and Desdemona perish, even though Shakespeare does not bring any recognisable good out of their pain. Even in their sorrow, still more in the wild misery of Othello, we feel by a kind of sub-consciousness that they are in that kingdom of the soul and worthy of it, where the pains and death of earth are like dreams when one awaketh, when what they have become through suffering lives for the inspiration of humanity and attracts its love."

It is in the light of this splendid and profound criticism in Mr. Brooke's previous volume that we must understand what he says in the present one as to Shakespeare's disbelief in justice.

He offers no easy, comfortable explanations of the problem of evil. It weighs heavily upon him but it does not overwhelm him. Mr. Brooke helps us to see how faith in human goodness and love as ultimate and eternal shines through the darkness and redeems life from despair. It is always true that in the total effect of great tragedy the power of the spirit and the supremacy of love is most fully vindicated.

H. G.

THREE HAPPENINGS.

THREE beautiful things happened to me to-day, three things that just for a moment let me touch the heart of life and sent me on my way stronger in rejoicing.

I watched him as he swung his pick, the lithe young navvy, with the figure of the Discobolus. Six tremendous, cunning blows—the brain behind each one—did he aim, aye, and hit his mark, too, every time, at the resisting asphalte. Then he straightened himself, and a smile was on his face, all flushed as it was and beaded with sweat. He caught my eye and laughed at me—the stranger watching him. All the joy of the world was in that

laugh, and I laughed back. We understood each other.

"Put him down at Dockhead Corner, conductor, will you please?" The pretty, young working woman lifted her little son of five or six on to the steps of the tram-car.

"All right, ma'm! Come along, Sonnie," and the man placed the boy on the seat. With a confiding gesture that showed he was used to tram conductors, the child placed his halfpenny in the man's hand. Every eye in the tram, which was fairly well filled with working men and women, was fixed on this morning-faced sonnie travelling alone. Dockhead Corner was reached, the tram stopped. Behind it a motor 'bus was blundering along laden with all sorts and conditions of persons, alongside it a private motor with milady in furs inside. Up goes the tram conductor's hand, the motor 'bus stops, the motor car stops. "Sonnie" must cross to the pavement in safety. He is lifted down, and not till his feet are on the middle of the footway do the other vehicles move. Two men gazing anxiously from the tram windows turn and smile at each other.

"King baby," said one, and the other nodded.

The Child still rules the world.

He was just a rough man, a waterside labourer belike, a man to whom at first sight some would have given a wide berth if they had met him in a lonely place. He was slouching up the crowded hilly street below London Bridge station, where at mid-day dray after dray lines up at the kerb to be unladen of cases of butter and eggs and foreign produce. In an empty dray which stood rather by itself the carter had tied a little dog, and left it there. It was small and thin and very frightened, and it was sitting on its haunches whimpering miserably. The sound caught my man's ear, and I watched his eyes as they rested upon the creature. They softened—he stopped, put his hand through the bars of the dray, and called.

"Come, lil' chap!" The wee dog hurled himself against the bars in a frantic effort to reach the speaker, and licked his hand all over. The man fondled him, speaking in what, considering his appearance, were ridiculously endearing terms. The carter came out to his dray, and the following conversation took place:

"Yourn?"

"Well 'tis and 'tain't—stray. I picked 'im up, saved his loife," and he laughed.

"It's a noice lil' dawg."

"Bit starved."

"Give yer two bob for him!"

"I don't want yer two bob; give 'im a good 'ome. I'd 'ave to find 'im a 'ome anyhow. My missus won't stand 'em."

My man lifted the "lil' dawg" over the side of the dray as the carter loosed the cord.

"He'll be company for me," he said as he tucked the creature inside his coat—whence a rapturous pink tongue made desperate efforts to reach his face—and went on his way.

ISABEL BASNETT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

THE CALL OF THE COLONIES.

SIR,—“Come over and help us.” The cry reaches us not only from Canada, of whose need Mr. Bowie is witness, but from New Zealand, where there are churches without pastors at Auckland, Wellington and Timaru; from Melbourne, where an old congregation is threatened with extinction if we cannot speedily find a minister to take charge of it; and from other parts of our dominions beyond the seas only less urgently, less articulately, because it is supposed to be useless and sinks to a murmured “If only you could help.” And what is our reply?

“We are sorry for you, brethren. We admit your claim upon us, for you are our countrymen and our kinsmen, you deny what we deny, you affirm what we affirm, you would worship as we worship in the social intercourse of a common faith week by week and listen to the exhortation of one whose life is devoted to the ministry of free religion. But, alas! that we must say it, we cannot give when we ourselves have not enough; how shall we help who ourselves stand in need of helpers?”

Yes, it is undeniably true, what they are asking of us is money, though for a time only, for they assure us that if helped to make a start their churches will soon become self-supporting. And we are fully justified in trusting them, but we know that if one congregation grows strong and independent its success will stimulate Unitarians in other places to follow the example, and we shall have ever fresh demands to meet. When I visited New Zealand ten years ago, there was only one Unitarian Church in the two islands. There are now five; and the population is a quarter that of Australia, a seventh of Canada's. What are we letting ourselves in for if we once start on such a work?

Besides, we want money ourselves. Our Association needs more year by year while its income has been declining, and there are very few congregations in the country whose possibilities for usefulness are not hindered by lack of funds. “Charity begins at home,” they say. Ought we not to begin by meeting all home needs before looking to foreign fields of profitable investment for our cause? But if the case so stands as regards money, how much more urgent is it when the cry is for men! And men of a kind who cannot be bought even by the richest corporations. Ability there is a market for and it is bought and sold every day; even wisdom and tact and courage and endurance have their price. But who can buy faith and love, and the enthusiasm which is begotten of them? And these are the qualities which we want for our home churches, and if we had fifty candidates for the ministry who were in other respects fairly qualified, and believed that they had a mission, and were devoted to it—given a little more money for their support—we should soon find posts

for them here. Does not our Year Book tell us that we have only 365 ministers for a population of forty-five millions? One to 120,000 inhabitants! Is it right then, is it reasonable to ask us to give of our best and ablest to foreign work?

I have put the argument as forcibly as I know how, because, more or less clearly conceived it is in the minds of all interested in the cause of Liberal religion, and must be met frankly if the foreign work of our Association is to be maintained.

In reply, let me urge first that the very same arguments apply to every Church. There is not one which has so much money, so many men at its disposal that it can spare for work abroad without the consciousness that all its workers and all its resources are needed at home. Yet there is not one of the larger denominations which does not support missions in foreign parts. Are they all wrong? Would they be better advised to bring all their strength to bear on the promotion of their cause—God's cause they believe it to be, and assuredly in some sense it is—in their native land?

Well, they have had long experience, and the world at large has had longer, and the lesson it teaches is that the success of a movement depends on its moving, spreading, not concentrating. The monks of Fountains Abbey in the first few years of their poverty and fervour sent out a dozen missions and founded as many new Abbeys. They became prosperous and powerful and contented, and they stayed at home till eventually dissolution overtook them. It is by giving, not by getting, that we grow, by the expenditure of force, not by sparing it, that we become strong.

We think of ourselves as a small sect. We are “cramped and hemmed in” by a pride of past achievement which is only half justified, and a low esteem of ourselves which is unworthy. We are few in number, but we are the public representatives in Great Britain of a religious movement whose adherents are to be found in all countries and in all churches. We are the platform, the committee, the spokesmen for multitudes who are our silent and inactive supporters. We have duty to mankind, which now as never before is seeking a religion which is neither newly invented nor brought down unchanged from a dead past, which is acceptable to reason and satisfies the religious emotions. We stand to gain immensely at home by the conception of our world-wide mission. We shall draw new life, energy, grit, from those of our kinsmen who have fared to new lands, and founded new cities, and brought the prairie and the bush into cultivation. We shall not fail of pecuniary support if we show work done which commands approval and inspires confidence.

This appeal is not to the young only, but to the whole denomination. If our men and women can be stirred to take an interest in the larger work, that which lies nearer home will be all the better done, and those who are young and strong and free to give themselves will catch the enthusiasm of a grand opportunity.

For the opportunity is instant and urgent. Are we prepared to meet it or must we reply to those who appeal to us because we are a Foreign as well as a British Association that we have got no money

and no men, and that they must do the best they can by themselves, and not look to us for help? If so I shall be ashamed of subscribing myself, Chairman of the Foreign Mission Sub-Committee of the B. & F.U.A.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES HARGROVE.

December 18, 1913.

SIR,—Let me support the stirring appeal made by you and the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie for men who will give themselves to the work and adventure of planting Free Churches of Liberal Religion in the daughter nations of England. I earnestly hope that appeal will speak to the heart and fire the imagination of some of our most promising young ministers. I hope it will be read with prayer by the students of our colleges. I hope that, through our ministers and teachers, it will reach the young men and women of our churches who are now making their choice of a life work.

The work of reorganising disconnected Unitarians and former adherents of orthodoxy, who in the free atmosphere of the colonies have detached themselves from all churches, but have not silenced the religious instincts, believe me, is exhilarating, interesting, satisfying. The dangers and hardships are, for the right type of man, incentives to work. What is it we invite our men to do? Let me speak for New Zealand, as Mr. Bowie has spoken for Canada—New Zealand, where our cause is not a hope, but a proved certainty; where the experiment has been tried and found a success; and where, at the present critical time, there is an urgent and absolute need of three men, not to turn expectations into realities, but to prevent the foundation work of 14 years from disintegrating solely through lack of leaders.

What is the nature of the work? Fourteen years ago the B. & F.U.A. invited me to leave Ipswich and the secretaryship of the Eastern Union to answer a call from Auckland. Our revered old Bishop, Dr. Brooke Herford, said to me privately: "No! we want you at home." But I went, and never for a moment during fourteen years did I regret the decision, or wish myself back in the homeland. I found, perhaps, a score of earnest people. In less than two years we had a church built. In less than two years more it was free of debt and independent of home help—the first Unitarian Church in the colony of New Zealand; we felt we were making history. Our success stimulated the Unitarians of other cities. In 1904 a society was formed in Wellington, which, through Dr. Tudor Jones, had a church built in 1909. Three years after the movement had attracted Mr. Chapple from Presbyterianism, and he had a church built in Timaru. Mr. Kennedy came from England to settle in Dunedin, and now he has a promising nucleus for a fourth church. As a result of experimental services held recently in Christchurch, Mr. Chapple has had promises of substantial local support and is certain that a minister would quickly draw to him a congregation. Is there any centre of population in the homeland where the worker can be so entirely assured of the truth of his message, and of his possessing

the bread of life for which the people hunger? Is there any man who wants a richer reward or a better incentive than the knowledge that he is feeding hungry souls?

I could sing the praises of New Zealand for a week. I tell you the man is fortunate who has the chance of spending five or six years there. Its climate for the ordinary person is well-nigh ideal. Its people are hearty and hospitable. Its population is British of the British. It has been a sort of economic laboratory for the world. And, after all, though on the other side of the earth, it is but six weeks' distance away.

Here are chances for any man who feels within him not merely the Macedonian call of the ministry, the need in a new land of the prophet and priest of humanity, but any noble ambitions of leadership, of actually moulding and shaping a new civilisation, and of feeling things growing almost under his hand.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM JELLIE.

London, December 21, 1913.

WOMEN AS MINISTERS.

SIR,—In the last issue of your paper, Mr. C. Cole states as one of "three facts," which he would like to publish, "that the chief objection to lady ministers is made by the sex." Would Mr. Cole enlighten us on what he bases this remarkable "fact?" Considering that men constitute a large majority on the governing bodies and trusteeships of churches, no doubt owing to financial considerations, does it not seem somewhat futile to blame the women for the prejudice, if there be, indeed, any worth speaking of. My own experience, as a member of the Rev. Gertrude von Petzold's congregation in Birmingham, is that women welcome a woman minister with avidity, and that they, and not only they but also numerous level-headed business men, band themselves round her, forming a permanent and enthusiastic body of church members. The large congregations that the Rev. G. von Petzold has had for the last three years tell their own story.—Yours, &c.,

ELSIE OSBORN.

11, Grantham Road,
Sparkbrook, Birmingham,
December 21, 1913.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

AN ETHICAL PRAYER-BOOK.

Social Worship, for Use in Families, Schools and Churches. Compiled and edited by Stanton Coit, the music edited by C. Kennedy Scott. Published by the West London Ethical Society, Bayswater. Price £2 2s.

FIRST NOTICE.

THESE elaborate and costly volumes have been compiled and published to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the West London Ethical Society. Dr. Stanton Coit, while assisted by a band of friends, is the sole responsible editor of all

the words, whether meditations and lessons in the first volume, or hymns, canticles, and responses in the second. A long introduction by Dr. Coit explains the aim and scope of a work intended to supply a medium of religious expression and moral culture for men who have abandoned the creeds of all the Churches, whether Theistic or Christian, and are wandering about in search of a new spiritual habitation more weather-tight and better fitted with up-to-date improvements. The Ethical Church offers to supply their need. Whether it is capable of fulfilling the offer remains yet to be seen. A distinguished man once asked to join the Ethical Society replied, "But I am already a member of the oldest and noblest ethical society in the world, the Christian Church." Certainly, if the Christian Church is not ethical it is nothing. But Dr. Coit assures us that the Ethical Movement, of which he is the able and impassioned leader, is going to accomplish that in which the Christian Church has failed. Its ambition and task is first: "the spiritual unification of the British Empire, with its Colonies and Dependencies"; secondly, "the spiritual awakening of the soul of America"; and thirdly, "the spiritual cohesion within and among" all the nations of the earth. It sounds slightly pretentious, yet "who aims at a star shoots higher far than he who means a tree," and we heartily wish the movement the magnificent success it prophesies. At present it fails to gather within its fold more than a little handful of the educated men and women who in every civilised country have broken away from the creeds of orthodoxy. Nor is the reason far to seek. In rejecting Theism it fails to find any satisfactory substitute for loyalty and reverence. The worship of Man, collective or individual, has no convincing or quickening power. It absolutely fails to provoke the feeling of religious reverence. Anthropomorphism is to be deprecated, but what is to be said of anthropocentrism?

Dr. Coit's first volume consists of some 1,200 passages selected from a very wide range of authors dealing with various aspects of moral life and training. These are arranged under various headings denoting their proper place in public worship: Introductory and Dismissary sentences, Meditations, Lessons, Invitations to Church Fellowship, special services, such as Dedication, Marriage, and Funeral. These divisions, however, are largely artificial; the Meditations do not always meditate, and the Lessons do not always inspire. It is certainly surprising to find in this golden selection passages from Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play." And surely it is by an oversight such a vulgarity as "A Psalm of Montreal" finds a place cheek by jowl with Shelley, Browning, and Arnold.

The editor's introduction is at once a manifesto, a defence, and a defiance. It is suggestive and provocative, full of debateable matter, and not a little pontifical. The larger part is a defence of alterations made in ancient expressions of faith and devotion to bring them into line and harmony with a purely ethical point of view free from the encumbrances of Theism. No doubt there are alterations

and adaptations which are perfectly justifiable. But there are also limitations, and it is an offence not only to literary taste but to the ethical sense that expressions of devotion, affection and loyalty to a Father in heaven should be turned upside down by being directed to man or to some abstraction of philosophy such as Law, or the Order of Nature, or the "Spirit of the Common Life." There are indeed certain beautiful, delicate products of spiritual genius so consecrated by immemorial use, so tender and intimate that most people highly resent the touch of the improver, and cry "Hands off! If you cannot take it as it is have the grace and reverence to let it alone." Take, for instance, the "Imitation." To eliminate God and Christ in the adaptation of the "Imitation" is to change the whole situation as effectively as would be the changing of bread into a stone. The inspiring and living force has perished. "No man can stand," says the seraphic teacher, "unless with all his heart he will humble himself for God's sake." Dr. Coit's version reads: "No man can stand unless with all his heart he will humble himself for the sake of those who, without his own choosing, are nearest to him." Now that, while true in itself, is not the "Imitation," nor indeed its legitimate adaptation, but a total reversal of the point of view. Hymns are changed in the same ruthless fashion. "One Holy Church of God appears" becomes "One Holy Church of Man appears." The well-known 19th Psalm is treated after the same manner. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul," loses its wings when it is read: "The law of duty is perfect," &c. It is an alteration which does not adapt but which changes the whole atmosphere, blotting out not only the colour but the personal loyalty which breathes in every line. In other places, it is true, there is a plentiful use of the word God, and Dr. Coit himself speaks of the living God. But the use of sacred words in a non-natural sense, a practice which has been the bane of the Broad Church party, is particularly inappropriate in an *Ethical* service book. On Dr. Coit's lips God does not mean God as all the world understands the word; it means "Man," or "the good in man," or "the moral Ideal," or "the growing sense of some great wrong in the heart of man." A crucial instance will be found in the ethical version of the Lord's Prayer. Here each clause is supplemented by a lengthy explanation or paraphrase, reminding us of the dear old soul to whom the curate lent a book explaining the parables. Calling upon her in a few weeks' time, the good creature remarked, "I understand the parables quite well, and soon I hope to understand the explanation." One would have thought the Lord's Prayer, in its divine simplicity, needed neither explanation nor paraphrase, but when words are used in a non-natural sense something must be said as to what is really meant. So "Our Father" does not mean "Our Father" at all; it means, according to the new rendering, "Thou reign of Law," which is certainly not the meaning of the prayer uttered by Jesus. The tender, intimate, personal relation becomes a cold and far-off abstraction without any power to

touch the heart. "Forgive us our trespasses" was addressed to a Father in heaven. In the new version it is addressed to man, "Be merciful to us, our brothers." The final ascription, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," becomes "Yours"—men past, present, and to come. "Yours is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," a change which will strike most devout persons as an absolute sacrilege. The Ethical Society would do well to reconsider the ethics of altering the great classical instances of religious utterance endeared to Christendom by so many experiences and associations.

These volumes, with all their merits, betray both a lack of reverence for the masterpieces of devotional literature, and a quite curious lack of the sense of humour. What is to be said of the editor's criticism of the Book of Psalms when compared with the sonnets of Swinburne, Keats, Matthew Arnold, and Wordsworth? Such a comparison discloses in the Psalms "a wearisome monotony, a paucity of ideas, and an over-elaboration of metaphor beyond their capacity to disclose the reality they were meant to illuminate!" No one with a sense of humour could have given to the world a criticism so banal. Or what can one do but smile at Dr. Coit's notion of the elocutionary discipline which a man should practice before reading a "meditation" or a "lesson"? "The intending reader should remember the great advantage that comes from saying a sentence very many times—now quickly, now slowly, now by separate words, now by clauses, now loud, and then lightly; once in a deep voice, and again in a higher tone; and with ever-varying accent and difference of stress." Again, the order of service here laid down enjoins at a certain place two minutes' silence, for which the editor gives this remarkable counsel: "The only rule which participators in social silence should attempt to follow is this—*breathe deep*. Deep breathing induces a calm from which flows a spontaneous motionlessness." Perhaps the most astonishing of these dicta is with reference to the so-called Athanasian Creed, which Dr. Coit describes as "the greatest anthem of the Christian ages, and which will be sung by the churches as ethical truth long after it ceases to be accepted as a formula for transcendent mysteries!" The unconscious humour of this Pontifical deliverance needs no comment."

J. W.

"REARING AN IMPERIAL RACE."

Rearing an Imperial Race. Edited by C. E. Hecht, M.A. London: Published for the National Food Reform Association by the St. Catherine Press, 34, Norfolk-street, Strand. 7s. 6d. net.

THE title which Mr. Hecht has prefixed to the useful and informing volume which he has edited is well chosen, for it is not merely a report of the Second Guildhall School Conference on diet, cookery, hygiene, &c., but it contains a number of valuable articles on children's requirements as regards food, clothing, and other necessities which must be provided in regular and sufficient supply if we are to have any

hope of building up a physically (and, indeed, morally) strong race. The book is a mine of information about a number of social experiments already tried or suggested, like the public feeding of necessitous school children, which at the present time are being much discussed. Mr. Hecht has no hesitation in saying in his introduction, and there can be no doubt that he speaks for a large and growing number of experts both in this and other countries, "the nation has in a well-organised system of school meals a most serviceable weapon in the fight against tuberculous and other forms of malnutrition, which lie at the root of much preventible physical suffering, inefficiency, and death." Many have been awakened to these facts as regards the city child, but how few realise, and here again we must quote from Mr. Hecht, that the country child is in a no less parlous condition. "Writers showed that malnutrition is rife be the air never so pure, and the surroundings quite Arcadian, and necessities of life, such as milk, well-nigh unprocurable in the midst of plenty; that parents for the most part are unable, through ignorance, lack of time or facilities rather than poverty, to ensure to the children suitable food, and that the midday meal, which the large majority partake of away from home, is totally inadequate and unsuitable, wholly lacking in social and educational advantages, and too often eaten under unhygienic conditions."

On the general question of the effect of school meals on parents and children, so far as experience has gone, it has not been proved that the parents have been demoralised, while the provision of meals for necessitous children has not only been a physical, but a social and educational advantage to them. At the organised meal the children learn to know their teachers better, to be moderate in eating and drinking, to masticate their food properly, and to show each other little courtesies, which they would probably not observe under the average home conditions. Lastly, these results, as the Bradford experiments have shown, have been attained at a surprisingly small cost, and could be extended with advantage.

In addition to providing much information with regard to feeding, the volume has much to say by way both of information and suggestion with regard to instruction in hygiene, and on the subject of the clothing of necessitous scholars. For instance, it is pointed out, in order to show the importance of the first, that only 1 per cent. of the children of the United Kingdom pass through their first dentition without some diseases of the teeth, and that there are 100,000,000 bad teeth in the mouths of the people of this country, with the same number of "socket abscesses." Hence the need for dental and other clinics. Not the least valuable paper in this extraordinarily useful book is Dr. Alice Burn's, entitled "Clothes and the Child," which describes the later effects of faulty clothing in childhood, and indicates a number of practical methods to meet the present situation of the thousands of children who besides being ill-fed are insufficiently or unhygienically clad. One interesting suggestion is that education authorities

might stimulate both wholesale and retail firms to put on the market a type of rational garment, suitable for school children. But this is only one of many suggestions by experts with practical experience, with which the book abounds. It is a splendid collection of material which will be of the greatest service to all workers for the physical welfare of children and all thoughtful citizens, who wish to know what is being done by social workers in this field.

R. P. F.

WOMEN AT THE BALKAN WAR.

War and Women. By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is one of the most stimulating books we have read for a long time, chiefly because it is the record of a very practical and courageous piece of work undertaken in the face of many difficulties by a woman who believes in deeds rather than words. Like Lord Esher, who contributes a preface, we find it difficult to accept all her inferences or endorse all the theories which are led up to in the course of this stirring narrative, though our reasons are not quite the same as his. But it is impossible to escape the contagion of the passionate desire to be of service which led Mrs. Stobart to form her Women's Convoy Corps over four years ago, for the purpose of rendering assistance in any national emergency. She contended, when she originated her scheme, that it was not in the organised and fully equipped base hospitals that the help of volunteers, men or women, are required in time of war. She, therefore, aimed at training a band of self-reliant women, capable of acting under any conditions, and of giving first aid "in every department of work occurring between the field hospital and the base." And when the Balkan War broke out she was able to select a contingent consisting of sixteen doctors, nurses, and cooks, including herself (all women), to go out to the scene of action. Their ten weeks' experiences are described in these pages in a vivid and realistic manner. There is no shirking of facts, no minimising of the horrors of warfare, no insistence on the "glory of fighting," which, indeed, is a meaningless phrase to this warm-hearted, energetic woman, with her pity for human suffering and her practical knowledge of the simplest and most direct methods of mitigating it. Nevertheless, the writer has her happy moments; there are times when the humorous instinct has full play, and one is conscious throughout of the kindly, impartial, tolerant spirit which is not disturbed even by rumours of "atrocities." Mrs. Stobart is now bent, since war cannot yet be abolished, on getting official status for women working "with and under the organisation of the Territorial Army," in order that they may have a direct share in the work of national defence; but it is plain to see that she is a lover of peace, and we cannot refrain from quoting a passage in which she gives expression to the conclusions forced upon her as she tried to patch up the poor mutilated bodies torn with Mauser bullets and shrapnel. "I could not succumb to the environment of war," she says. "All day long in our hospital at Kirk-Kilisse, surrounded on the one hand by the

butchered bullocks in the kitchen, and on the other by the butchered human beings in the wards, the thought was borne in upon me, Are we, then, *solely* animals? Are bloodshed and butchered bodies the only things that count? Is there in the world no spiritual element? Is the religion of Christianity only an aspiration? . . . For those of us who have come to a decision, and who believe that the development of mankind will be not upon the physical or the intellectual plane, our duty lies clear. We must acknowledge that war is an unmitigated evil. We must denounce the bestial horrors and indignities to which it subjects human beings. We must no longer condone war as a tragedy—we must condemn it as a crime."

THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.

The Future of the Women's Movement. By Mrs. H. M. Swanwick. With an Introduction by Mrs. Fawcett. Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

OF the writing of books on the subject of women and their needs and aspirations at the present day there seems to be no end; indeed, there is not a little danger that a general weariness will take the place of alert interest in the public mind as a result of the ceaseless repetition of arguments with which most people are now familiar. At the same time a clear and practical statement of the case for women suffrage, with all that it implies, from which the note of defiance is entirely absent, has long been needed, and Mrs. Swanwick's book will be welcomed by those who are looking for just such a "brief survey of the women's movement and of the directions it appears to be taking." In writing it she has avoided any insistence on the "absolute equality" theory which is being driven to death in so many quarters, and urges that women should have the fullest possibilities for development "because it is good business, socially speaking, to develop all your human as well as your material resources," and because "the developed person will be more useful, more companionable, more reasonable, more happy, and more amusing than the undeveloped." We do not always find ourselves in agreement with Mrs. Swanwick's statements, however, or quite convinced that the opponents of women suffrage (who still have to be reckoned with) are finally disposed of in the passages devoted to the "Antis," and we wish that a worthier exponent of the "womanly woman" argument had been found than the rather unimaginative politician whose speech in the House of Commons on the Conciliation Bill is quoted. The average man doubtless expresses himself very awkwardly when he makes any attempt to describe an ideal which is often as inspiring to him as Dante's vision of Beatrice, but surely he dreams of something better than a foolish, doll-like creature with no opinions of her own, who is neither fit to be a sympathetic and helpful wife nor a capable and unselfish mother. Neither is the woman necessarily wedded to a slavish theory of submissiveness who finds herself repelled by the modern spirit of self-assertion and

the loud demand for "rights." It would really help the feminist cause if its exponents would give up speaking so slightly of their more old-fashioned sisters, who recognise their limitations without shame, and have not yet rebelled against the "tyranny of man." Whatever the progressives may think, "bondage and liberation are not antagonistic in love," as some of the simplest souls have been wise enough to discover. Mrs. Swanwick's book leaves us still perplexed, also, by many acute problems arising out of the social upheaval of to-day which the women's movement alone cannot successfully grapple with; but as these will probably demand the earnest consideration of the best minds in every nation for a long time to come, we must wait patiently for their solution. As might have been expected, Mrs. Swanwick unhesitatingly condemns militancy, but she pays a warm tribute to the "selfless and devoted sacrifice on the part of individual women" whose wild actions have won them a strange notoriety.

L. G. A.

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

Socialism and Democracy in Modern Europe. By S. P. Orth, Ph.D. London: Williams & Norgate. 6s. net.

THE purpose of this volume is to trace briefly the growth of the Socialist movement in England, France, Belgium, and Germany, and to attempt to determine the relation of economic and political Socialism to democracy. An impartial inquiry of this kind, especially if based on personal study and investigation, ought to be of the greatest value, for even the most doctrinaire of Marxists has had to yield a little under the stress of changing circumstances, a changed spirit in legislation and changed industrial conditions. The scheme of the book is admirable. An introductory chapter deals with the causes that have produced a Socialist movement, and three succeeding chapters on the development and political awakening of Socialism. The remainder deal with the movement as it manifests itself in the countries mentioned. Unfortunately the treatment of the subject is scrappy and inaccurate, not only in the earlier general chapters, but in the later ones which are by way of giving details. No doubt a certain amount of information is conveyed, but surely all that is of value in this book has been said again and again by people who have penetrated more deeply into the spirit of a many-sided movement, and more justly estimated its merits and its numerous admitted and undoubted failures. It is a pity that at a time when the appetite for books on social questions is so keen as it is at present in the United States, poor workmanship should be provided for their instruction. After all, there are some things which are still done better in the Old World. Authors do take pains to get their dates and facts correct, to spell names and assign quotations without blundering. But in a certain type of American book mistakes in spelling and gender, and graver blunders of facts and figures, are apparently allowable. It is

irritating to find names of well-known, if misguided, personages wrongly spelt so frequently as in this book, and to see mistakes in the index and bibliography.

The concluding chapter shows a good deal of enlightenment and just criticism. For instance, "The Socialist movement has accomplished three notable things. First, it has spread democracy; it has forced the labour question on the law-makers; the third great achievement is the natural result of the other two. When democracy is potent enough to force its demands on Parliament, then the power of the State is ready to fulfil its demands." Interesting, too, is the author's estimate of the forces at present moulding political opinion in Europe and of the direction which, as it appears to an American writer, affairs are taking in the United States. But here, again, a great deal of exact investigation has been made into the social conditions of the States, of which Dr. Orth does not appear to have heard, and reference to which might very well have been included in his concluding summary.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Goldwin Smith, his Life and Opinions. By Arnold Haultain. London: T. Werner Laurie. 18s.

GOLDWIN SMITH is a profoundly interesting study. An intellectual of the intellectuals, a Don of Dons, uncompromisingly sincere, distinguished among the best, how comes it that he made such a melancholy failure of his life, for that he did so this book is, alas! but too abundant evidence. Had he some secret gnawing at his heart? Or was it that he was temperamentally a solitary, but lacking in prophetic elevation? Mr. Haultain was for 18 years the Professor's private secretary, and appears to have anticipated the time when it would be possible to compile books about him. To that end he kept a sort of diary, and this volume consists of extracts. The introductory chapter takes, in part, a chronological form, beginning thus:—"1823, Goldwin Smith born; 1824, death of Byron," and so on until we reach the climax, "1909, Lloyd George's first Budget; 1910, Goldwin Smith dies." His relation to his time being thus indicated, we are informed that "the great intellectual world has long since agreed to acclaim Goldwin Smith a great man," and testimony to this effect follows from one and another. Some account of family connections and a few reminiscences come next, and then Mr. Haultain plunges into his records of incidents and conversations in which his subject was concerned.

It goes without saying, of course, that these are interesting, and for the most part intensely so. But pity 'tis that they are so frequently marred by the veriest trivialities; while too often the "comments" (for the "conversations" prove to be "conversations and comments") might have been expressed more happily. The Professor's talk, Mr. Haultain assures us, "was splendid, splendid—always splendid." Sometimes he "monologically descanted"; at another time he

"ejaculated antiphonically"—our author is rather given to polysyllables—but "the Great Man never really unbent"; he always "retained an inexpugnable reserve." Notwithstanding, he gave Mr. Haultain sufficient critical remarks on men and things to make up this good-sized book. We may sample them. "The distinction between a Unitarian and a Universalist" is that "one thinks he is too good for God to damn; the other, that God is too good to damn him." "What are we to think of a Church [the Church of England] split up into two parties, one of which has no more belief than I have, while the other believes that Christ was God, and preaches and inculcates the doctrine of the Atonement? And what must be the effect upon the nation of such a church? It is sapping the nation's regard for truth." For scarcely a man of any eminence of his time had Goldwin Smith a good word. Gladstone "was not a statesman. He was not a statesman. His actions were prompted by impulse. He craved power. . . . His Homeric lucubrations were trash—pure trash." Morley's "Life" (of Gladstone) to be in three volumes? "Too long, too long. Who will read them?" "What is there of Gladstone's that will live? His speeches had no literary merit. I cannot think of a single sentence of his that will live." "Gladstone was particularly open to infusion, particularly if you flattered him. . . . Morley possessed this faculty of skilful flattery; . . . he infused the idea of Home Rule into Gladstone's mind." "The consequence was" that Morley became Irish Secretary. As such "he neither did anything very particular, nor did he leave undone anything very particular." Rosebery "revolves like a political teetotum, spinning with singular liveliness and grace." Balfour "is a feeble creature, very feeble; the feeblest Prime Minister England ever had." The monological descanting on Beaconsfield may be imagined.

Cropping up here and there in these records, often in most unexpected places, we have acute criticism, classical, philosophical, theological, political, but all tinged with a suspicion, and often more than a suspicion, of contempt for folk whose views were other than his own; so that on the whole this book, while full of interest, is rather sad reading. Mr. Haultain says: "He was a lonely man, was Goldwin Smith; lonely in his domestic circle, lonely in his social relations, lonely in his political convictions, lonely in his ideals. . . . You felt—actually felt—an insulating atmosphere between him and you. And this, I take it, and I make bold to say it, was the one fount and origin of his failure in life. He tried to think and act alone." But many a soul has been like a star and lived apart, and has not failed. What was the secret of this failure?

Mr. Haultain, certain defects in detail notwithstanding, paints a very faithful picture—warts and all. We have here the man as I found him, on two occasions, in 1903 and 1906, in his Toronto home. He talked to me as he talks here; and on both occasions I was saddened by the conviction that I was in the presence of tragic failure!

HAROLD RYLETT.

JESUS AND THE FUTURE. By Edward William Winstanley, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 7s. 6d. net.

DR. WINSTANLEY has given us an extremely able investigation of our Lord's teaching with respect to the future, and endeavoured to estimate its significance for our own time. He regards the Apocalyptic elements in the gospel as for the most part authentic and reliable, but does not exaggerate their importance. The attempt is made, not without a considerable measure of success, to get behind the records to the mind of Christ; and, making allowance for the character and prepossessions of his reporters, to penetrate beneath parable, metaphor, and symbol to their inmost and abiding significance. A frank and scientific treatment of the available materials is united with an admirable reserve and caution in the statement of results. Yet some of his conclusions will be sufficiently startling to those Liberals who fondly imagine that an orthodox theologian may not be a progressive thinker. For instance, Dr. Winstanley affirms that the interpretation of the fourth evangelist, "despite the ground tones of the Palestinian reminiscences, is relatively most in harmony with that idealistic religious or spiritual interpretation of the universe which is gaining acceptance to-day, and marks a reaction from the materialistic explanation which has been prominent in our time." As a *via media* between the position of Liberals who see in Jesus only a teacher after their own type, and Apocalyptists who see in him nothing but a strange figure speaking in mysterious enigmas of an impending catastrophe, this sober and scholarly discussion will be found helpful to those who would learn the mind of the Master on a most difficult and yet fascinating subject.

DRAMA, MUSIC - DRAMA AND RELIGION, as Illustrated by Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" and "Parsifal." By Ramsden Balmforth. London: The Year Book Press.

THIS is a useful little book to put into the hands of young people learning for the first time Wagner's "Ring." That the libretto of the Nibelungen Ring uses, to a certain extent, the materials of old Scandinavian legends for the purposes of religious and ethical symbolism is a fact too often forgotten both by the public and the critics. That for this purpose the legends required a good deal of stretching and adapting is also a fact to be borne in mind. Whether in their musical setting they make anything like a religious or ethical appeal to the ordinary reader is doubtful. What impresses him is the music itself, its originality, charm, and power to carry him out of himself into a world of strange emotions. The character of these emotions will differ with different hearers, and will largely depend on individual temperament. Nevertheless, it is well to know what the great artist meant us to feel, hence the desirability of a handbook like Mr. Balmforth's. We do not always agree with Mr. Balmforth's interpretations of the Ring, but then Wagner did not always agree about the

ethical aspect of his subject. "The play is the thing," said an old authority, but in these music-dramas the music is the thing and not the play. Mr. Balmforth's notes on "Parsifal" are specially valuable and illuminating.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I HAD arrived in Denmark for a holiday in the month of August, and found the country extremely interesting and delightful. Many strange sights were to be seen, and many different customs to be observed, and the newness of everything made the time pass pleasantly, and the holiday drew to a close all too soon.

After spending a few days at Copenhagen, I took tram for the city of Odense, intending to spend a few days in the district. After dinner I had a walk round the city, and found it very interesting. There seemed to be a spirit of gentleness in the air that made me feel very happy. I then went back to my hotel to bed, and as I lay awake thinking there came a whispering in the air of a very sweet voice. Then everything was changed. I was no longer in bed at Odense, but found myself in the Emperor's gorgeous palace at China. I felt like Alice in Wonderland. All about me was too beautiful to describe, but in the midst of all this splendour there was the hush of great solemnity.

The servants and attendants of the Emperor walked about quietly and sadly, and told me their Emperor was dead. I walked along the rich corridor to the Emperor's apartment, to pay my respects to his dead body, and as I drew near I heard most wonderful singing. The song was one full of gladness and joy, and it seemed to come from the Emperor's room. I crept along quietly, and as I drew near to the door I heard someone talking inside, and the voice was very hollow and deep.

"Go on, little nightingale, go on," it said, and then the music began again, and after each song I heard the little nightingale talking to the person with the hollow voice, asking for the Emperor's treasures, and each request was granted until I heard the Emperor himself speak to the little bird, thanking her again and again for her song. I felt glad, for I knew that the Emperor lived, and after paying him my respects I came away.

I then found myself in a farmyard where there were many ducks and ducklings, but amongst them was a very ugly dark grey one which was ill-used by all the others. Then I seemed to be flying through the air, and found myself in a great heathery moor, with the ugly duckling as my companion. We suffered many hardships together, and I lost him for a time, but many days after I passed by again and found my duckling had become a beautiful swan. I felt so pleased, and spoke to him, telling him how beautiful he looked, and I saw that he was really happy, for he answered me and said, "I never imagined so much joy when I was only the ugly duckling."

I bade him good-bye, and then found myself in a hall where multitudes of flower were having a great ball. How they enjoyed themselves! I could not stop, however, as I was feeling tired and wanted to get home to bed; but I lost myself on the moor and remembered nothing until I awoke next morning to find I was still in bed at Odense. I then tried to recall my dream, for a dream it must have been, and as I pieced the things together I had seen I tried to think what it all meant, and, like a flash, there came to my mind the name of a man, and it was Hans Andersen, and these surely must have been his fairy tales which I had lived through. The town must be full of his spirit, I thought, and decided to find out all I could about him. I began my inquiries at the hotel after breakfast.

"Yes," said the proprietor. "Hans Andersen was born in this city the second of April, 1805, in a house at the corner of Hans Jensensstrade and Bergsboder. The house has been bought by the Corporation, and is now open as a museum with a collection of Andersen's belongings. It is about five minutes' walk away through the castle grounds."

I sauntered through the lovely gardens into an open courtyard, then under an archway and found myself in Bangsboden, and in a few minutes was in front of Hans Andersen's house. I had been expecting to see a fine house, but judge of my surprise when I saw that it was a small low-roofed cottage one storey in height. Once more a "son of the people" had made the world ring with his name, and that name one which the children and the grown-up people had learned to love and respect. So it was with a feeling of tenderness that I entered the house. It was full of his belongings, and as I walked through I was able to gather some idea of his life and disappointments.

In the corner of the room between the fireplace and the wall was a raised platform, about a foot high, set in a recess; along the front was a board about 9 in. high. The floor was about 6 ft. square, and was covered in the front by a long curtain. I learned that this was the bed where Andersen's mother slept, and where he was born. What a strange bed it was—no spring mattress, no nice soft bed, but a hard bottom on which the bedding was laid. Andersen did not enjoy the privilege of a nice cosy bedroom like so many English boys and girls, but slept in the same room he lived in.

There were many things that would interest you, among them some paper designs cut out with a pair of scissors, his hat, boots, chair, travelling bag, umbrella, and many other things equally interesting. But it was his portrait and his life that interested me most.

I was fascinated by his portrait, for it showed me such a beautiful, yet sad, face, and one which, had you known him, would have made you love him even more than you do now. What a hard life he had! He had tried many ways of earning his living, all without success, disaster coming to him at the end of each effort. How his poor heart ached when he thought of his failures, for each meant that he had less money with which to keep his poor old mother. But he struggled on, always

hoping that his efforts in some direction would be successful. Then another disaster befell him, when he lost the lady with whom he had fallen in love and whom he hoped to make his wife. This was a terrible blow to him, and he never married. Passionately fond of children, he took unto himself the children of the whole world for his family, not having one of his own, and loved them with a great and earnest love.

What a beautiful, loving father he was, and how he loved to delight his "family" by telling them beautiful stories! The more children he could tell his stories to, the better he liked it, until he became like some famous men of old, for he spoke to the children with many tongues, telling them in their own language stories that made them happy.

As he became better known and more famous, men and women of all countries also began to admire and love him, because he had become such a friend of their children, and many times when their children had been tired and fretful the reading of his fairy tales had made them quite happy again. No wonder they loved him. After his death in August, 1875, Denmark, proud to have had such a man as one of her citizens, erected a beautiful statue of him in the King's Garden at Copenhagen in a spot known as the Children's Garden. Here, if you were passing any time, you would hear him telling his fairy tales to groups of bright and eager little folk

R. H. B.

MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ARLOSH HALL.

THE building of the Arlosh Hall is making good progress. This hall is being erected at a cost of about £10,000 with moneys given to the College for the purpose by the Arlosh Trustees. The Arlosh Trust was created out of benefactions by the late Mr. and Mrs. James Arlosh, of Woodside, Cumberland. The hall will stand partly on what was Professor Jack's garden and partly on the Residence garden, with an entrance through a gateway in the existing wall in Mansfield-road. It will be connected up to the Organ Chamber of the Chapel by a small tower, and, lying at right angles to it, will form one composition with the existing buildings. Before the position of the hall was decided on, a number of careful studies were made for the best development of the whole of the property now belonging to Manchester College, so that in the event of future extension being required for residential or other purposes a well-thought out scheme might be on record, and the new hall not block ultimate expansion. An archway under the connecting tower will serve for communication between the present quadrangle, and the residences and new hall.

The stones used on the outside are

Doultling and Clipsham and inside the beautiful golden coloured stone from the Guiting Quarries among the Cotswolds. The whole of the woodwork in the framing, galleries and ceiling will be of English oak, the latter being curved, with tracined principals and oak rafters with plaster panels between. The roof is to be covered with Cotswold stone tiles, which form so beautiful a feature in any birdseye view of Oxford.

The internal dimensions are 75 by 30 ft., of which 62 by 30 ft. represent the area of the hall floor. The remainder forms the main entrance or porch at the south end, divided by screens from the hall, and having a gallery over it. A second gallery placed over the archway overlooks the hall, and opposite it is a bay window lighting the dais which will extend the width of the room with canopied framing on the wall behind it, and accessible by a jib-door in the panelling from a porch giving on to the present quadrangle.

The architects are Messrs. Thomas Worthington & Son, of Manchester, the contractors Messrs. Benfield & Loxley, of Oxford, and the Clerk of Works, Mr. Thomas Ward.

A PASTORS' PEACE CONFERENCE IN GERMANY.

THE *Peacemaker* reprints from the *Völker-Friede* an article by Pastor Francke, of Berlin, describing a recent development of the pacifist movement among liberal theologians in Germany. On the occasion of the Jubilee Session of the German Protestant Union at Berlin a Pastors' Peace Conference was convened to which theologians holding office in church and school were invited, irrespective of their different tendencies of thought, when a fine and thoughtful paper was read by Pastor Nithack-Stahn, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, which was the occasion of an interesting debate. Pastor Nithack-Stahn contended that it was the conscientious duty of theologians to recognise that the use of force in the settlement of national disputes is in opposition to the spirit of Jesus Christ. "The debate," Pastor Francke writes, "speedily concentrated on two points: how will the Church regain the confidence of the working people if she has to stand ashamed in the presence of the campaign for universal peace and international goodwill on the part of the Social Democracy? It is essential that, with the preaching of peace, she should strive for peace—as well the peace of the world as of the soul. Then the question was discussed whether the glorification of war and of valour accord with the sense of righteousness. 'At all events, not with the Christian sense,' was said on the one hand; 'for it is no peculiar merit, and requires little self-control to exhibit physical courage on the stormy field of battle. Whence the superiority in war of ethically inferior nations?' It was very interesting to hear it urged, on the other hand, that pacifists themselves should hold in no light esteem the *virtus*—the manhood—revealed in war; this was the soul of the great period a century ago, and of the mighty deeds of our fathers in 1866 and

1870! To this it was answered by one of the professors—formerly a theologian—that he had the testimony of his father, an old campaigner, that only in very rare instances could personal bravery in battle be affirmed. The power which urges on bodies of men is not courage, but nervous excitement; and this, conversely, may suddenly issue in opposite results—a general depression and inexplicable panic."

Although no resolutions were passed or any steps taken towards the closer organisation of the pastors who are active in the peace movement, the temper of the conference was said to be excellent, and it is certain that powerful reinforcements will be secured to the cause of peace if further conventions of a similar character follow. "To the Prussian liberal pastors," Pastor Francke says in conclusion, "it may have come as a surprise that the first of the leading speakers, the Basle theological professor, P. W. Schmidt, in his paper struck a warmly pacifist note. . . . Pastor Frederking, of Charlottenburg, met with opposition when, in a crowded assembly of pastors, he charged the four hundred signatories to the peace-appeal with dilettantism, and hinted that they had too little political-historical orientation to enter into public questions. Amid the applause of the assembly I was able to reply that Pastor Frederking might very well be at home in the history of the past, but had evidently no eye for the forces of the present. After this demonstration from the liberal side, one eagerly waits to see whether the orthodox pastoral circles will also feel impelled to define their position with regard to the problem of world-peace. Let us hope that a noble emulation may be kindled in this realm, to the furtherance of the acknowledged principles of true Christianity."

MANIFESTO OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

DEMAND FOR THE LICENSING BILL.

THE following is the text of a Manifesto issued on behalf of the United Kingdom Alliance by the President, Mr. Leif Jones, M.P. :—

"We desire to impress upon all who in any degree sympathise with the cause of Temperance Legislation, the vital importance of straightway using every scrap of influence they possess to bring home to Parliament and to the Government the extent and the intensity of the demand for a Temperance Reform Bill for England and Wales in the coming year. There is danger lest, because we have been patient, we should be supposed to be indifferent as to when the Government will proceed to fulfil their reiterated pledges upon this question. Nothing could be further from the truth. We have been patient only because we have relied upon pledges too explicit to be misunderstood or to be broken. The introduction next year of a comprehensive temperance measure into the House of Commons would elicit such widespread response and backing from the most various and unaccustomed quarters as would astonish all who have not followed

closely the solidifying of opinion on the subject during recent years.

"Social reformers realise to the full the truth of Mr. Lloyd George's words:—'No reform, political or social, will avail in this country unless you precede it with temperance reform.' All who are doing battle with poverty, disease and degradation, find in drink their most powerful and most subtle foe; and they are helpless to overcome any one of the besetting social evils until they are armed with power to eliminate the drink factor, which is everywhere present in greater or less degree. Such power the Scottish people have gained in the Temperance (Scotland) Act this year; it is our turn next, and now or never must the claim be presented and pressed if it is to be met in the present Parliament. The political position is favourable. If politics run their normal course, the great contentious measures at present before Parliament will be disposed of by next summer, and the autumn will be clear for our Temperance Bill. The Prime Minister in his speech at Leeds on November 27 once again gave utterance to his conviction as to the 'urgency' of the temperance question; and he does not use words lightly. He has promised to deal with it 'when time and opportunity offer.' The Government control the time of the House of Commons, and it is for them to create the necessary opportunity by devoting the autumn session of 1914 to carrying out the policy which the Lords frustrated in 1908. The efforts which the Government made then, and their repeated declarations since, leave no room for doubt as to their sincerity or their earnestness of purpose in the matter. The one danger ahead lies in the multitude of conflicting claims upon the time and attention of Parliament. It is for us to insist that before passing on to other reforms, no matter how pressing or how important, the long arrears of temperance legislation must be cleared up. We go to the Government, not as suppliants, but as creditors presenting a just and admitted claim. Let us make the Government understand that by passing their Temperance Bill through the Commons next year, they will not only be discharging a debt that is due, but they will gladden the hearts of all who are striving to better the condition of the people, and will win such widespread and influential support as will carry the measure triumphantly into law."

THE PENAL REFORM LEAGUE.

THE sixth annual report of the Penal Reform League makes interesting reading. It appears to cover the whole sphere of activities with which those who have abandoned the old idea of punishment as an expression of "the desire for vengeance" (to quote a recent article in the *Times*) are connected, and gives brief summaries of many excellent reports from reformatory and industrial schools, the State Children's Association, the Borstal Association, the Central Association for the Aid of Discharged Convicts in England, and similar institutions in the United States and Canada. The objects of the

Penal Reform League itself are clearly indicated in the suggestions for dealing with criminals and quasi-criminals sent by the secretary to the chairman of the New York State Commission on Prison Reform, who had intimated that such suggestions would be welcomed by the Commission. "No prison system, or other system," says Captain Arthur St. John, "for dealing with convicted criminals can be efficient if not based on competent and adequate investigation," and this, in order to have satisfactory results, must "begin at the beginning in each case, immediately a charge has been made against an individual, and be quite apart from and independent of any investigation by police or prosecution. . . . Such investigations will, doubtless, lead to better understanding of the causes, conditions, and nature of criminality in general. But the best knowledge will grow out of personal interest in individuals combined with a wide social outlook." Some interesting conferences have been held in the course of the year, and a committee met last April to consider various proposals for improving Juvenile Court work in London, as a result of the memorial on Juvenile Courts addressed to the Home Secretary and other representations made to him on the same subject. A report and recommendations which were drawn up and submitted to the Home Secretary are at present under consideration. Perhaps the most important event of the year, from the point of view of those who take a real interest in the prevention of crime (which is more important than prison reform in that it tends to make prisons less necessary) is the founding of "The Little Commonwealth" at Flowers Farm, Batcombe, Dorset. At present there are eight boys and five girls in residence, and although it is too early, of course, to say much about the success or otherwise of this experiment, Mr. Lane, the Superintendent, himself an American, and the founder of the Ford Republic near Detroit, says that English boys and girls take to "self-government" more readily than Americans, and declares himself well satisfied with the progress made.

FRIENDS of Channing House School will be glad to learn that the name of the school appears in the Board of Education's published list of "Efficient Secondary Schools." It is a pleasure also to find in the B.A. list of London University, for 1913, the names of Miss Dorothy Kingston and Miss Grace Powell Phillips, the one with Honours in French, and the other in History. Both of them matriculated while at Channing House, and the school is to be congratulated on their success.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Birmingham: Small Heath.—A largely attended meeting of the Waverley-road congregation, presided over by the Rev. Gertrude von Petzold, was held on the 18th inst., when the Rev. and Hon. Canon James Adderley gave an interesting address on the "History of the Religious Drama." The speaker traced the origin of the miracle and morality plays back to the ritual of the mediæval Church, and

urged upon the audience both the desirability of reviving the old plays and the duty of the present-day churches to provide suitable amusement for their people.

Blackpool: South Shore.—Some successful week-night meetings have been held during the last few weeks at the Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road, including a neighbourhood concert, a lecture on "The Merchant of Venice" by the Rev. H. Bodell Smith, a neighbourhood social, a lantern lecture by Mr. R. E. O'Callaghan, of Manchester, on "The Dog, the Friend of Man," and a jumble sale in aid of the school funds. All the meetings have been well attended.

Darlington.—After the evening service at the Unitarian Church on December 21, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—(1) "That this congregation views with alarm the proposed enormous increase in armaments, especially in connection with the Navy, and calls upon the Government to take immediate steps to effect a reduction of expenditure." (2) "That in the interest of morality and for the protection of girls this congregation urges the Government further to amend the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1912 by raising the age of consent to 18 years."

Leeds.—The Hargrove Memorial Fund in connection with the Yorkshire Unitarian Union now amounts to £900.

Northampton: The Late Mrs. Sale.—The death is announced of Mrs. Mary Ann Sale, wife of Mr. John Sale, of Northampton, which took place on Tuesday, December 16. Mrs. Sale was in her eighty-fourth year, and was within a few days of celebrating the fifty-ninth anniversary of her marriage. She was a native of Irthlingborough, but came to Northampton with her parents at the early age of three years. In her young days she was a member of the Wesleyan Church and a class leader, but for the past forty years had been associated, with her husband, with the Unitarian Church in Northampton. In addition to her husband, Mrs. Sale leaves a family of four sons and one daughter to mourn her loss. Miss M. A. Sale is well known in Northampton for her many years' devoted service to the cause of temperance. She has done splendid work as one of the secretaries to the Northampton Band of Hope Union, and has this year been honoured by being elected as the first woman president of the Union. Mr. John Sale is secretary to the Unitarian Church at Northampton, and Mr. Fred Sale holds office as secretary to the Unitarian Sunday School. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon, a service being conducted by the Rev. W. C. Hall in Kettering-road Church.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

CANON BARNETT AS AN EDUCATIONIST.

A disciple of Canon Barnett's whose words are quoted in the annual report of Toynbee Hall aptly describes the late President as "an educationist without doctrines, who drew from sources inaccessible to the ordinary man, startling him by his boldness of conviction and confusing him by his simplicity. That imagination is more important than knowledge, that what is best worth learning is learned by accident, that wisdom comes through the eye and ear more often than through books, that the greatest wrong which a people can suffer is the restriction of education to those who can pay for it—such, perhaps, were a few of the ideas that a listener carried away. . . . During the closing years of his life, from 1906 onwards,

he hoped that the time had come when it would be possible to awaken the older Universities to their responsibilities for educating working people and to induce working people to claim their fair share of the benefits of University education. . . . His ideal was not a ladder along which favoured or brilliant youths should climb, but the education of working people as working people, to fit them for the responsibility of citizenship and government."

A STRIKE IN JERUSALEM.

Even Jerusalem is not free from strikes, although they are not of the kind with which we are familiar. The disorders which have occurred of late arose out of the decision that German should be the language of instruction in the Jewish Technical School, which is shortly to be opened at Haifa. This is regarded as a menace to the Hebrew language, and Jews all over the world have protested against it, while the teachers of the elementary schools in Palestine, together with their pupils, have deliberately gone on strike. The former, it is said, were very roughly treated by the police when they demonstrated before the school, and the struggle to retain the national language still seems to be in an acute stage. The latest information is that a new seminary has been opened under the directorship of the distinguished Hebraist, Mr. D. Yellin.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.

An important site for the National Theatre which has been talked about so long has been acquired in Bloomsbury. It has a commanding position in Gower-street, and three frontages which will be supplemented by a fourth eventually, and the idea is that the building should be surrounded by a margin of garden. It is nine years since the late Mr. Richard Baxter agreed with the London Shakespeare League to give the sum of £3,500 for the purpose of such a memorial, and a very representative committee of 250 was appointed to organise and develop the movement in 1905. Since then every effort has been made to keep the matter before the public, and now that this important step has been taken there is good hope that the genius of Shakespeare will be suitably honoured before the Tercentenary celebrations in 1916.

ALCOHOLISM AND CIVILISATION IN THE EAST.

At a time when we are constantly faced by the grave problems which are exercising the minds of administrators and educationists throughout the Empire, it should not be forgotten that the question of temperance is one of vital importance in regard to all racial questions. The following passage from Dr. Eliot's address at the General Unitarian Conference recently held at Buffalo bearing on this subject is very significant:—"Somewhat more than a year ago," he said, "I had a long opportunity of observing the difference between the white race and the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indian, the Malay, and some of the Mohammedan people, in regard to susceptibility to the alcoholic temptation. The white race is inferior to all the other peoples I have named in regard to this susceptibility to the temptation of alcoholism. No observant person can travel

through the East for a year without being shocked by the manifest tendency of the white race temporarily resident there to destroy itself through alcoholism. Alcohol is destructive in the highest degree to the white race in the tropics, and all through the tropics the white race exhibits a terrible lack of self-control with regard to the use of alcoholic drinks. It is mortifying to the last degree for an American to see intoxicated American soldiers and sailors staggering about the streets of the Chinese cities where we now have troops, and never to see a Japanese soldier in such condition; although the Japanese have five times as many troops there as we have. I mention but a single fact; but the lesson of the East is that the alcoholism of the white race must be overcome, or that vice, with the licentiousness it promotes, will overcome the race."

THE CIVIC SPIRIT IN EDUCATION.

The Moral Education League has recently published Mr. F. J. Gould's timely pamphlet, "A National Need," in which he pleads that civic instruction should rank high in the scheme of educational subjects, and that it must be founded upon a sound general instruction in the art of conduct and the value of character. "We cannot treat civic instruction as an isolated topic," he says, "crudely joined upon the children's moral sentiment by a different agency from that which formed the conscience in earlier years. The whole great discipline must be one great process." The insistence on the need for discipline deserves to be strongly endorsed, for the problems which lie before us as a nation can only be solved by the trained intelligence and earnest thought of men and women who know how to renounce their personal claims in order to promote the welfare of the many. "The question before us is not how to cultivate the love of one's neighbour in a broad humanitarian sense, but how to cultivate the feeling of responsibility and the habit of service in the ordered community of the village, city, county, oversea dominion, and Empire."

PROHIBITION IN CANADA.

On January 5 next, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, there will be contests for local prohibition in fifty-one of the Ontario municipalities where liquor is still permitted to be sold. If the temperance forces were successful in each case—which is hardly to be expected—there would be in the province 553 "dry" to 282 "wet" districts. Striking progress has been made in recent years in reducing the number of "licence" municipalities. The campaign at the beginning of 1913 resulted in the addition of thirty-nine to the total of "no-licence" areas. Out of 535 contests in the seven years 1906-1913, the liquor interests had majorities in 147, and the temperance forces in 388. Moreover, the latter generally manage to hold what they have won. Once a district becomes "dry" it rarely relapses. How unpromising are the attempts at repeal is shown by the fact that in the last five years only 81 out of 770 possible contests in "dry" districts actually took place, and in five cases only did the electors vote "wet." A notable gain to the temper-

ance cause was the Whitney Government's recent legislation forbidding the sale of bottle liquors over bars. This was regarded by some as merely shifting the bottle trade from bar room to shop, but as there are only 85 municipalities having shops, and 333 having bars, the effect really has been to stop the bottle trade in 248 municipalities.

THE RAINFALL OF PALESTINE.

According to Professor J. W. Gregory, it is by no means conclusively proved that the earth is drying up, and we need not fear that those great political changes which Prince Kropotkin attributes to climatic conditions, resulting from the increasing aridity of the earth, will trouble us just yet. Even Palestine, once a land flowing with milk and honey, is not quite the parched and barren land we generally believe it to be. The average rainfall of Jerusalem at present is 26 in., and heavier than that of Essex. The cultivation of the date palm affords a very delicate test, and this shows that the mean annual temperature has not altered since Old Testament times. The distribution of the palm tree in ancient times, so far as can be judged from the Bible, was exactly the same as now, and the evidence of the vine supplements that of the date. There is no doubt, however, that in periods geologically recent the climate of Palestine was moister than it is now; but these periods are pre-historic. According to Dr. Blanckenhorn, the moist period in Palestine ended 50,000 years ago, and the existing climatic conditions were completely established some 10,000 years B.C.

TEMPERANCE COLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION.

The prospectus of this excellent Association has been greatly enlarged, being double the size of that issued last year, and contains information concerning important features, such as special classes and examinations for school teachers, a simple course (as compared with the Students' Ordinary Registered Association and membership courses) for speakers and workers in connection with bands of hope, and other juvenile temperance organisations, and a temperance speakers' oral examination in public speaking. A copy of the prospectus, containing particulars of the various courses and correspondence classes, will, we are informed, be sent on application to the Secretary, Mr. G. Whitfield, 34, Crammer-street, Nottingham.

MERTHYR TYDFIL UNITARIAN CHURCH.

THE Church is burdened with a debt of about £400, and this the congregation are now making a special effort to wipe off. To help to achieve that end with as little delay as possible it has been decided to hold a

CAKE FAIR

on January 15, 1914. Baking and Toffee Competitions and also Pincushion Competitions will be held, particulars of which may be had from the Secretary.

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